



SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1898.

## FROM WASHINGTON.

Porto Rico as an American Colony.

COMMODORE WATSON'S FLEET.

The Transportation of the Spaniards.

GEN. GARCIA AND GEN. SHAFTER.

The Growth of the trade.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25, 1898. Uncle Sam took the first step towards the acquisition of another desirable piece of real estate, when Gen. Miles hoisted "Old Glory" on Porto Rico, and whatever may be done with other captured territory, it is certain that Porto Rico is going to be ours to keep. In addition to the troops with Gen. Miles, two other armies are to be landed at different points in Porto Rico at once. Then the three armies will capture all of the smaller places before moving in concert on the heavily fortified town of San Juan. Three weeks is the outside estimate of the length of the campaign, although President McKinley's desire that San Juan shall be taken without infantry assaults upon the breastworks, if possible may lengthen the campaign.

## THE TRIP DEFERRED.

For reasons satisfactory to himself, President McKinley has deferred sailing of Commodore Watson's fleet for the coast of Spain. The presumption is that he is giving Spain an opportunity to sue for peace, although neither he nor any member of his cabinet has said anything upon which to base that presumption. Secretary Long, when asked the direct question, when Commodore Watson's fleet would start for Spain, said: "Whenever the President issues the order."

The encouraging news from Gen. Shafter's army has destroyed the last vestige of the yellow fever scare. A considerable number of our men over there have the fever, but there have been very few deaths from it.

## GEN. GARCIA'S ATTITUDE.

It is the opinion of President McKinley and members of his cabinet that the friction between Gen. Shafter and Gen. Garcia, who commands the Cuban insurgents in the Santiago district which led to Garcia's withdrawing his troops and announcing that he had tendered his resignation to Gen. Gomez, the Commander-in-Chief of the insurgents, is more the result of misunderstanding than anything else. Gen. Shafter's instructions are to treat the insurgents courteously and kindly and not to expect too much from them in a military way. It is nonsense for Garcia to pretend to be disgruntled because Santiago was not turned over to the insurgents. It has been made plain to him and all of the other insurgent leaders that the U. S. intended to assume military control of Cuba as fast as it came into our possession, and to retain that control until such time as all the residents of Cuba could be given an opportunity to express themselves as to how and by whom they would be governed. It was because of doubt that the insurgents represented a majority of the residents of Cuba that President McKinley strove so hard and successfully to prevent Congress providing for the recognition of the insurgent government.

## THE TRADE OF JAPAN.

The U. S. sells more wheat and flour to Japan than to all other countries combined, and the official figures in a report from U. S. Consul Harris, at Nagasaki, shows a steady and healthy growth in this trade. Of wheat we sent in 1895, only 484,510 lbs., but in 1896 it had grown to 2,451,850 lbs., and in 1897 to 12,467,980 lbs. Of flour we sent in 1895, 13,896,970 lbs., in 1896, 31,408,311 lbs., and in 1897, 31,084,810.

## PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

That a protective tariff does not prevent the growth of our export trade, ought to be too well known to need proof, but in case you have still a few free traders in your vicinity who need proof, the following facts concerning our exports to Canada for the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1897, when the Wilson tariff law was in effect, and for the first eleven months of the fiscal year 1898, under the Dingley tariff law, are given. During the former period, we sold Canada \$37,870,828 worth of goods, and during the latter period, \$46,351,228, a difference in favor

of protection of nearly a million dollars a month.

## LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S MISSION.

Lieut. Hobson, who is in Washington in connection with the work of trying to save some of the ships of Cervera's fleet, was most warmly received by the President, members of the cabinet, his own personal friends, and the public at large.

The delivery of the war bonds began to-day, the denomination of \$20 and of \$50 being the first sent out. The delivery will be continued as fast as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing can get them to the Treasury. They are sent to purchasers by express.

## THE WOMEN'S RELIEF CORP ACTS

To Aid the Soldiers.

The Women's Relief Corp held a special called meeting at the residence of the passed President, Catherine Burnette and the following resolution was adopted.

As it has heretofore been our object to assist the Union veterans that need our protection, and to extend needful aid to their widows and orphans, we think it no more than right that in order to attain true allegiance to the United States and to incite patriotism among our children and the community in which we live, we should ask all of the colored soldiers' wives, mothers and daughters, to come and take a part in our Relief Corp.

It is now deemed necessary to go to work at once to solicit aims for the soldier boys who are in camp a few miles below the city; and to make the work more successful we should ask all of their wives, mothers and daughters to take a part with us. This move will not only gain new members, but will strengthen us and make us one of the greatest orders in the nation. Our order will not only be restricted to attending to old veterans, widows and orphans but also to the wives, mothers and children of the soldiers of the war now pending between our country and Spain.

Of course the colored soldiers of our city have not as yet moved from where they are in camp, but in order to be in time we should start at once. We want the movement now on foot to reach all loyal women's ears. Let the patriotic women of our order still continue and increase their efforts in this direction and not only remember the old boys who fought under the old flag in the civil war, but also turn our attention to the soldier boys of to-day. Our Relief Corp can for the time being shoulder new responsibilities and assume new duties, without for a moment neglecting the old duties for which our order was founded, duties which constitute the corner-stone of the greatest women's organization in the world.

## The Truth a Stranger.

(Dallas, Texas, Weekly Express.)

Let intelligent Negroes cease their rot about there being nothing in Negro papers, and go down in their pockets and support them. There's the Indianapolis Freeman, Colored American, New York Age, Richmond Planet and other able journals in different parts of the country that are worth their subscription price in the best money of the world, and any Negro, be he a self-conceited leader or not, who says there is nothing in them, is a liar and the truth to him is a stranger.

## Do You Know Him?

I would like to know the whereabouts of my father, William Smith. He was at Fort Smith, Ark., up to last April. When last heard from, April 18, 1898, he was at Seward Station, Oklahoma, employed by Mr. David Sorocole. The only information I will be glad to receive by his daughter, Mary Smith, 316 N. 18th St., Richmond, Va.

## Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless this tube is restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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## Commuted to Death.

The Peking Gazette announces the condemnation for the crime of lese majesty of one Nong-tai, a reckless journalist, who in referring to the careers of certain historical emperors omitted to add to their names the full titles to which they are entitled according to Celestial etiquette. The offender was speedily reminded of his forgetfulness, and was sentenced to undergo the penalty of high treason, involving something exceedingly unpleasant in the way of punishment, in which all his children were to share. With unusual clemency, however, the "Son of Heaven" commuted this punishment to simple decapitation.

## Hunting the Graveyards.

Berlin cemeteries are now infested by people who try to lift the grave-stones in the hope of finding bank notes under them. Grunenthal, the government bank official who is accused of having appropriated either misused bank notes or notes withdrawn from circulation, had picked out graveyards as hiding places for his plunder. Large sums have been found by the police under three grave-stones already.

## The Newest London Slang.

"Fancy meeting you!" is the latest importation of idiotic London slang. It is now in current use in the city of its conception as a crushing retort in quarrels, disputes and witty encounters, though no one knows or cares what it may mean. The expression comes from a music hall ditty sung in the provinces, and the accent is laid hard on the last word, "you."—Argonaut.

## THE SHADOW OF THE GREENBACK

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE)

Every sound made him jump and he was afraid to stand in the open, yet he could not remain constantly with his back to the wall. Poor Buller's horse, fully accoutred, cropped the grass by the side of the road. To be a horse thief was, of course, worse than to be a murderer, but there was no help for it; without the horse escape was impossible. He secured the animal with but little trouble and sprang upon its back. As he did so a shot rang out from the saloon. Sam was in the saddle, but no one was to be seen; nothing but a thin film of pistol smoke meeting in the air above the open door. The rider fled twice into the empty doorway, then with a curse turned toward the open country and galloped away, and Salt Lick was far behind him when night fell. He tethered his horse and threw himself down on the grass, but dared not sleep. For all he knew, his pursuers might be within a few rods of where he lay, for he was certain they would be on his trail as soon as they knew he had left Salt Lick. The prize was too great for no effort to be made to secure it.

There is an enemy before whom the strongest and bravest men must succumb. That enemy is sleeplessness. When daylight found the desperado, he had not closed an eye all night. His nerve was gone, and perhaps for the first time in his life he felt a thrill of fear. The emptiness of the prairie, which should have encouraged him, struck a chill of loneliness into him, and he longed for the sight of a man, even though he might have to fight him when he approached. He must have a comrade, he said to himself, if he could find any human being in straits as terrible as his own; some one who would keep watch and watch with him through the night. But the comrade must either be ignorant of the weight of money that hung over the desperado's head or there must be a price on his own. An innocent man would not see the use of keeping such strict watch. A guilty man, on learning the circumstances of the case, would sell Sam's life to purchase his own freedom. Fifty thousand dollars in the desperado's mind would do anything, and yet he himself of all the 60,000,000 people in the land was the only one who could not earn it. A comrade, then, innocent or guilty, was impossible, and yet was absolutely necessary if the wanderer was to have sleep.

The horse was in distress through lack of water, and Sam himself was both hungry and thirsty. His next halting place must be near a stream, yet perhaps his safety during the first night was due to the fact that his pursuers would naturally have looked for him near some water course and not on the open prairie.

Ten days later Mike Davlin was awakened at 3 in the morning to find standing by his bed a gaunt, haggard living skeleton, holding a candle in one hand and pointing a cocked revolver at Mike's head with the other.

"Get up," said the apparition hoarsely, "and get me something to eat and drink—drink first—and be quick about it. Make no noise. Is there anybody else in the house?"

"No," said Mike, shivering. "You wait here, Sam, and I'll bring you something. I thought you were among the Indians, or in Mexico, or in the Bad Lands long ago."

"I'm in Bad Lands enough here. I'll go with you. I'm not going to let you out of sight, and no tricks, mind, or you know what will happen."

"Surely you trust me, Sam," whined Mike, getting up.

"I don't trust any living man. Who fired that shot at me when I was leaving?"

"So help me," protested Mike, "I dunno. I wasn't in the bar at the time. I can prove I wasn't. Yer not looking well, Sam."

"Curse you for a slow dawdler. You'd not look well either if you had no sleep for a week and was starved into the bargain. Get a move on you."

Sam, like a wild beast what was set before him, and although he took a stiff glass of whisky and water at the beginning he now drank sparingly. He laid the revolver on the table at his elbow and made Mike sit opposite him. When the ravenous meal was finished, he pushed the plate from him and looked across at Davlin.

"When I said I didn't trust you, Mike, I was a liar. I do, and I'll prove it. When it's your interest to befriend a man, you'll do it every time."

"I will that," said Mike, not quite comprehending what the other had said. "Now listen to me, Mike, and be sure you do exactly as I tell you. Go to where the bank manager lives and rouse him up as I roused you. He'll not be afraid when he sees it's you. Tell him you've got me over in the saloon and that I've come to rob the bank of that d—d \$50,000. Say that I'm desperate and can't be taken short of a dozen lives, and there is no lie in that, as you know. Tell him you've fallen in with my plans and that we'll go over there and hold him up. Tell him the only chance of catching me is by a trick. He's to open the door of the place where the money is, and you're to shove me in and look me up. But when he opens the door I'll send a bullet through him, and you and me will divide the money. Nobody'll know you were there but the bank man, and he'll be dead. But if you make one move except as I tell you the first bullet goes through you. See?"

Mike's eyes opened wider and wider as the scheme was disclosed. "Lord, what a head you have, Sam," he said. "Why didn't you think of that before? The bank manager is in Austin."

"What the devil is he doing there?" "He took the money with him to put it in the Austin bank. He left the day after you did, for he said the only chance you had was to get that money. You might have done this the night you left, but not since."

"That's straight, is it?" said Sam emphatically. "It's God's truth I'm speaking," asserted Mike earnestly. "You can find that out for yourself in the morning. Nobody'll molest you. You're just dead beat for want of sleep. I can see that. Go up stairs and go to bed. I'll keep

watch and not a soul'll know you're here."

Hickory Sam's shoulders sank when he heard the money was gone, and a look of almost despair came into his half closed eyes. He sat thus for a few moments unheeding the other's advice, then with an effort shook off his lethargy.

"No," he said at last, "I won't go to bed. I'd like to enrich you, Mike, but that would be too easy. Cut me off some slices of this cold meat and put them between chunks of bread. I want a three days' supply and a bottle of whisky."

Mike did as requested, and at Sam's orders attended him to his horse. It was still dark, but there was a suggestion of the coming day in the eastern sky. Buller's horse was as jaded and as fagged out as its rider. As Sam, stooping like an old man, rode away Mike hurried to his bedroom, noiselessly opened the window and pointed at the back of the dim, retreating man a shotgun loaded with slugs. He could hardly have missed killing both horse and man if he had had the courage to fire, but his hand trembled and the drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He knew that if he missed this time there would be no question in Sam's mind about who fired the shot. Hecting the gun on the ledge and keeping his eye along the barrel, he had not the nerve to pull the trigger. At last the retreating figure disappeared, and with it Mike's chance of a fortune. He drew in the gun and softly closed the window with a long, quivering sigh of regret.

Sidney Buller went west from Detroit when he received the telegram that announced his uncle's death and told him he was heir to the ranch. He was 30 years younger than his uncle had been at the time of his tragic death, and he bore a remarkable likeness to the old man—that is, a likeness more than striking when it was remembered that one had lived all his life in a city while the other had spent most of his days on the plains. The young man had seen the sheriff on his arrival, expecting to find that active steps had been taken toward the arrest of the murderer.



He saw there was a man on his back.

The sheriff assured him that nothing more effective could be done than what had been done by the dead man himself in leaving \$50,000 to the killer of Hickory Sam. The sheriff had made no move himself, for he had been confidently expecting every day to hear that Sam was shot. Meanwhile nothing had been heard or seen of the desperado since he left Salt Lick on the back of the murdered man's horse. Sidney thought this was rather a slipshod way of administering justice, but he said nothing and went back to his ranch. But if the sheriff had been indifferent his own cowboys had been embarrassingly active. They had deserted the ranch in a body and were scouring the plains searching for the murderer, making the mistake of going too far afield. They, like Mike, had expected Sam would strike for the Bad Lands, and they rode far and fast to intercept him. Whether they were actuated by a desire to share the money, a liking for their old "boss" or hatred of Hickory Sam himself they themselves would have found it difficult to tell. Anyhow it was a man hunt, and their hunting instincts were keen.

In the early morning Sidney Buller walked forth from the buildings of the ranch and struck for the open prairie. The sun was up, but the morning was still cool. Before he had gone far he saw approaching the ranch a single riderless horse. As the animal came nearer and nearer it whinnied on seeing him and finally changed its course and came directly toward him. Then he saw that there was a man on its back, a man either dead or asleep. His hand hung down nervously by the horse's side shoulder and swung helplessly to and fro as the animal walked on, the man's head resting on the horse's mane. The horse came up to Sidney, thrusting its nose out to him, whinnying gently, as if it knew him.

"Hello," cried Sidney, shaking the man by the shoulder. "What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

Instantly the desperado was wide awake, sitting bolt upright and staring at Sidney with terrified recognition in his eyes. He raised his right hand, but the pistol had evidently dropped from it when he, overcome by fatigue and drowsy after his enormous meal, had fallen asleep. He flung himself off, keeping the animal between himself and his supposed enemy, pulled the other revolver and fired at Sidney across the plunging horse. Before he could fire again Sidney, who was an athlete, brought down the loaded head of his cane on the pistol wrist of the ruffian, crying:

"Don't fire, you fool! I'm not going to hurt you."

As the revolver fell to the ground Sam sprang savagely at the throat of the young man, who, stepping back, struck his assailant a much heavier blow than he intended. The leaden knob of the stick fell on Sam's temple, and he dropped as if shot. Alarmed at the effect of his blow, Sidney tore open the unconscious man's shirt and tried to get him to swallow some of the whisky from the bottle he found in his pocket. Appalled to find all his efforts unavailing, he sprang on the horse and rode to the stables for help.

The foreman, coming out, cried: "Good heavens, Mr. Buller, that's the old man's horse. Where did you get him? Well, Jerry, old fellow," he continued, patting the horse, who whinnied affectionately, "they've been using you badly, and you've come home to be taken care of. Where did you find him, Mr. Buller?"

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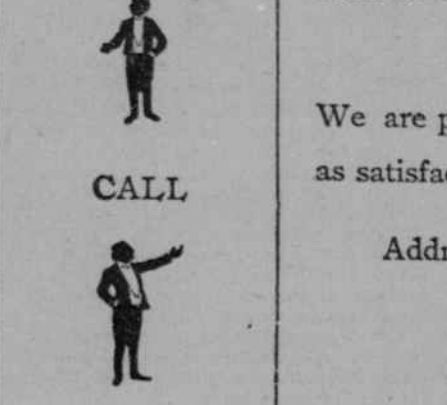
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